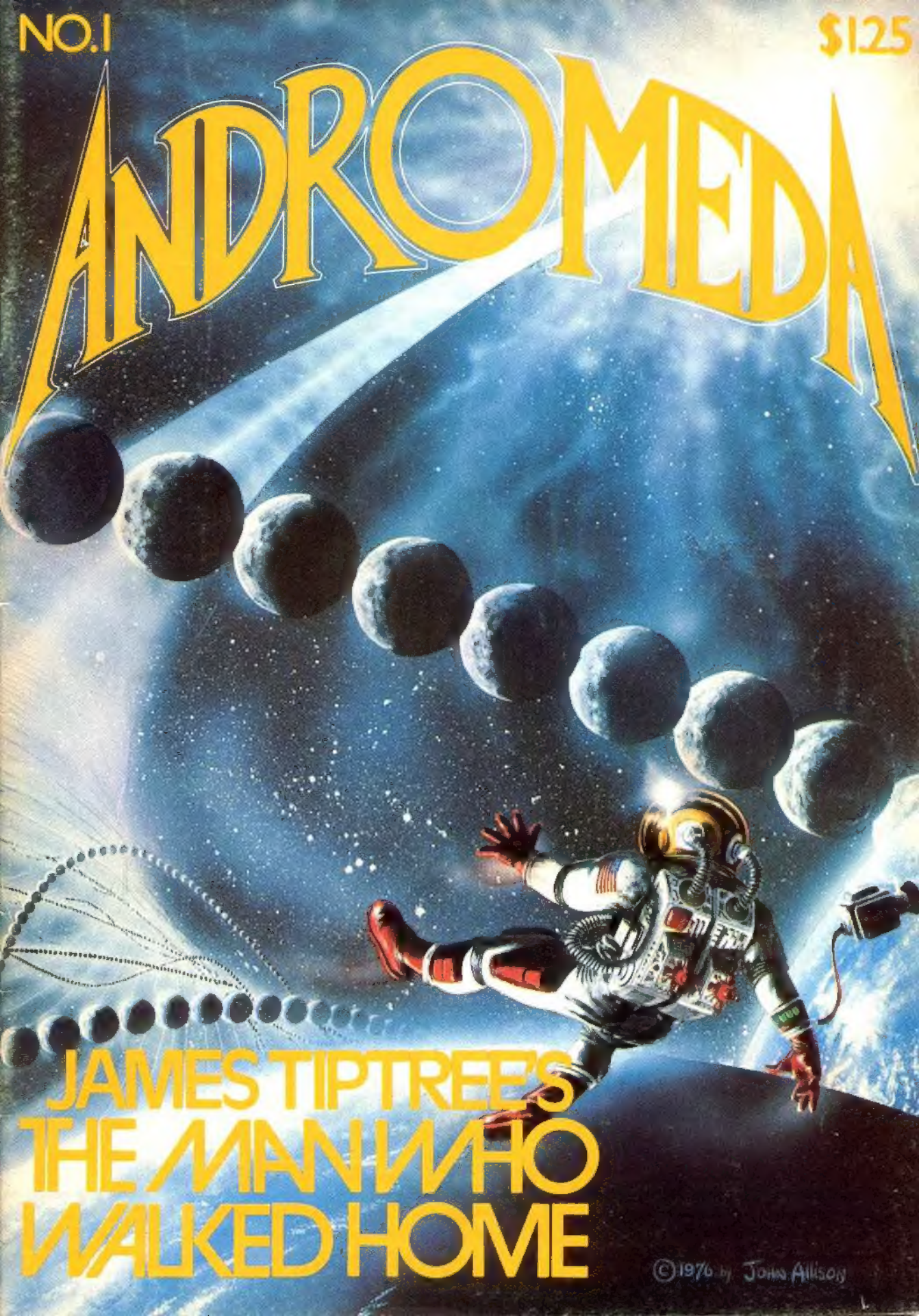
NO.1
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ANDROMEDA
JAMES TIPTREE'S
THE MAN WHO
WALKED HOME
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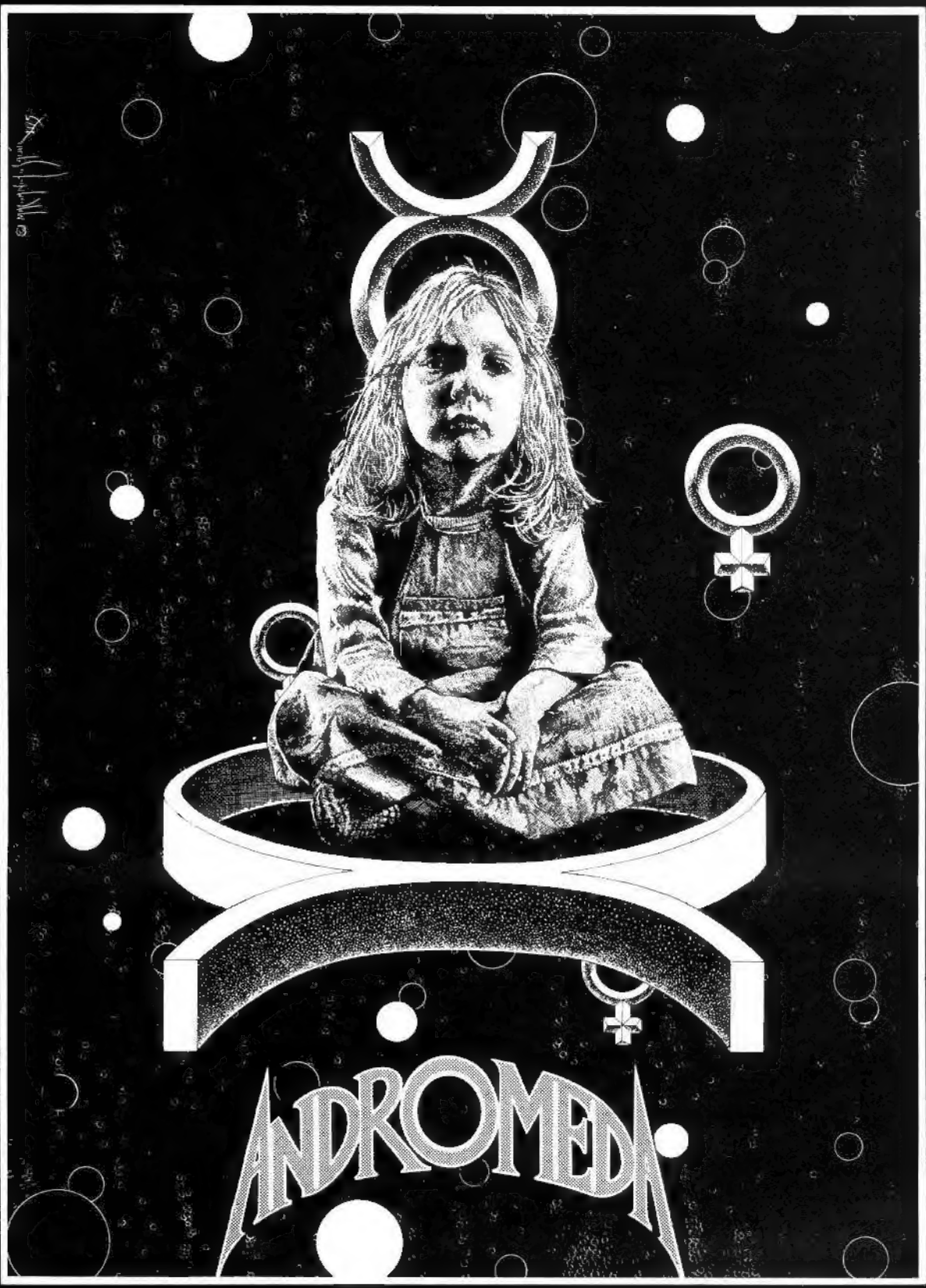
ANDROMEDA

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SGT MARK E. RAINEY
H&S CO., H&S BN. IS[illegible]G
CAMP PENDLETON, CA 92055

PRODUCING this magazine has taken just over two years. During that time it has devoured two publishers, five different formats, half a dozen line-ups, two lead features, three covers, two editorials, and one friendship. So whoever tells you that it's easy to produce one of these things is having you on. (Whoever tells you that it is possible to produce one of these things is probably getting a chuckle at your expense, as well.)

SO .... here we are. A little older, and frankly, a little more ready for publication. I was going to launch into an esoteric diatribe on the 'graphic story medium' (that's comic book talk for 'comic book'). I'm famous for such diatribes, consequently I don't get invited out much. But I'll save it for the next issue. It's a dandy.

IN the meantime I think it best to simply introduce the parties responsible for **this** issue.

THE cover to your far left and the story to your right are the work of JOHN ALLISON. John's been around a bit. No doubt you've seen his work everywhere from **UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION** to **WEEKEND MAGAZINE**. The subject of both cover and story is JAMES TIPTREE'S classic short story **The Man Who Walked Home**. However you'll note that the last 14 pages of the story are in a hand other than John's. When John's commercial commitments put the squeeze on the story, newcomer TONY MEERS pitched in and polished it off in half the time he should've been allowed.

TO your immediate left, the work of ROBERT MacINTYRE. Rob has been around a bit as well. Especially to his credit are 3 portfolios of the fantastic, and a couple of books published by DONALD M. GRANT.

TO your immediate right, a small spot illustration by JASON ROSS. His story **A Day At YGSRD'S** appears later on in this issue.

MY own story, **The Escape and Pursuit of Jeanne d'Arc** follows. I shan't attempt an explanation. All I ask is that you play around with it in your head a little.

PAUL Rivoche, Ottawa's enfant terrible, graces our back cover with one of his typical airbrush spectaculars. Paul has a couple of portfolios and some S-F book covers to his name. Watch for his adaptation of ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S **Exile of the Eons** in an upcoming **ANDROMEDA**.

HEREIN is the unseen hand of RON VAN LEEUWEN, proprietor of the Silver Snail Comic Shop in Toronto. It is Ron's enthusiasm and understanding that have made this magazine possible.

BEFORE I put my pen down I should mention our sister publication **ARIK-KHAN** No. 1. This is a book-length adventure from FRANC REYES (D.C.'s TARZAN and Mystery Books) and poet laureate B.P. NICHOL. Sword and Sorcery, monsters . . . you know, the good stuff.

FINAL plug: Our original lead feature was part one of a five part epic entitled **The Sacred and the Profane**. I wrote it, Ken Steacy drew it—**STAR'REACH** is running it.

Thanks for coming.

DEAN MOTTER

ANDROMEDA Vol. 2, No. 1 September 1977. Published by Andromeda Publications, owned and operated by Silver Snail Comics Ltd. 321 Queen St. W. Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9. Dean Motter editor.

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TRANSGRESSION! TERROR!

AND HE THRUST AND LOST THERE-

-PUNCHED INTO IMPOSSIBILITY, ABANDONED NEVER TO BE KNOWN HOW, THE WRONG MAN IN THE MOST WRONG OF ALL WRONG PLACES...

...IN THAT UNIMAGINABLE COLLAPSE OF NEVER-TO-BE-REIMAGINED MECHANISM.

-HE STRANDED, UNDONE...

...HIS LIFELINE SEVERED, WINKING OUT, THE LONGEST LINE TO LIFE WITHDRAWING...

...DISAPPEARING FOREVER BEYOND HIS GRASP...

-TELESCOPING AWAY FROM HIM INTO THE CLOSING VORTEX BEYOND WHICH LAY HIS HOME, HIS LIFE,

...HIS ONLY POSSIBILITY OF BEING;

...SEEING IT SUCKED BACK INTO THE DEEPEST MAW, MELTING,

LEAVING HIM TO BE ORPHANED ON WHAT NEVER-TO-BE-KNOWN SHORE OF TOTAL WRONGNESS,

-OF BEAUTY BEYOND JOY, PERHAPS?

OF NOTHINGNESS? OF HORROR?

OF PROFOUND OTHERNESS ONLY, CERTAINLY.
WHATEVER IT WAS, THAT PLACE INTO WHICH HE TRANSGRESSED,
IT COULD NOT SUPPORT HIS LIFE THERE, HIS VIOLENT AND VIOLATING ABERRANCE;
AND HE, FIERCE, BRAVE, CRAZY-CLENCHED INTO TOTAL PROTEST, ONE BODY FIST OF UTTER REPUDIATION OF HIMSELF THERE IN THAT PLACE,
-FORSAKEN THERE,
-WHAT DID HE DO?
THE MAN WHO
ORIGINAL STORY:
James Tiptree
©1977
ADAPTATION:
John Allison

REJECTED, EXILED, HUNGERING HOMEWARDS MA
DESPERATE THAN ANY LOST BEAST DRIVING FOR ITS UNREACHABLE HOME,
-HIS HOME,
-HIS HOME!
AND NO WAY, NO TRANSPORT, NO VEHICLE MEANS, MACHINERY, NO FORCE BUT HIS INTOLERABLE RESOLVE AIMED HOMEWARD ALONG THAT VANISHING VECTOR,
THAT LAST AND ONLY LIFELINE.
HE DID WHAT?
HE WALKED. HOME.
WALKED HOME
ILLUSTRATED BY:
John Allison &
Tony Meers

PRECISELY WHAT HASHED UP IN THE WORK OF THE MAJOR INDUSTRIAL LESSEE OF THE BONNEVILLE PARTICLE ACCELERATION FACILITY IN UTAH WAS NEVER KNOWN.

BONNEVILLE LABS NO TRESPASSING
DANGER

ALL THAT WAS EVER CERTAIN WAS THAT AT 1153.6 OF MAY 2, 1936, OLD STYLE...

...THE LABORATORIES AND ALL THEIR PERSONNEL WERE TRANSFORMED INTO AN INTIMATELY DISRUPTED FORM OF MATTER RESEMBLING A HIGH EVERY PLAZA...

...WHICH BECAME AIR BORNE TO THE ACCOMPANYMENT OF RADIATING SEISMIC ATMOSPHERIC EVENTS.

THE DISTURBED AREA UNFORTUNATELY INCLUDED AN OPERATION 'WRV' WATCHDOG BOMB.

IN THE CONFUSION OF THE NEXT FEW HOURS, THE EARTH'S POPULATION WAS SUBSTANTIALLY REDUCED.

CCCP
CCCP

THE BIOSPHERE WAS ALTERED.

THE EARTH ITSELF WAS MARKED WITH NUMBERS OF MORE CONVENTIONAL CRATERS...

FOR SOME YEARS THEREAFTER, THE SURVIVORS WERE EXISTENTIALLY PREOCCUPIED.

THE PECULIAR DUST BOWL AT BONNEVILLE WAS LEFT TO WEATHER BY ITSELF IN THE CHANGING CLIMATIC CYCLES. IT WAS NOT A LARGE CRATER, JUST OVER A KILOMETER ACROSS.
BEFORE THE RAINS BEGAN, IT WAS ALMOST PERFECTLY FLAT. ONLY IN CERTAIN LIGHTS, HAD ANYONE BEEN THERE TO INSPECT IT...
A SMALL SURFACE MARKING, OR ABRAIDED PLACE, COULD BE DETECTED...
ALMOST EXACTLY AT THE CENTER.
TWO DECADES AFTER THE DISASTER, A PARTY OF SHORT BROWN PEOPLE APPEARED FROM THE SOUTH, TOGETHER WITH A FLOCK OF SOMEWHAT ATYPICAL SHEEP.
GRASS DID NOT GROW WELL IN THE BASIN, DOUBTLESS FROM THE COMPLETE LACK OF MICRO-ORGANISMS, BUT NEITHER THIS NOR THE SURROUNDING VIGOROUS GRASS WERE FOUND TO HARM THE SHEEP.
A FEW CRUDE HOGANS WENT UP ON THE SOUTHERN EDGE AND A FAINT PATH BEGAN TO BE TRACED ACROSS THE CRATER ITSELF...
...PASSING BY THE CENTRAL BARE SPOT.
ONE SPRING MORNING, TWO CHILDREN WHO HAD BEEN DRIVING SHEEP ACROSS THE CRATER CAME SCREAMING BACK TO CAMP...
A MONSTER HAD BURST OUT OF THE GROUND BEFORE THEM. A HUGE, FLAT ANIMAL MAKING A DREADFUL ROAR!
...THEN IT VANISHED IN A FLASH AND A SHAKING OF THE EARTH, LEAVING AN EVIL SMELL.
...THE SHEEP HAD RUN AWAY.

SINCE THIS LAST WAS VISIBLY TRUE, SOME ELDERS INVESTIGATED, FINDING NO PLACE IN WHICH IT COULD HIDE...

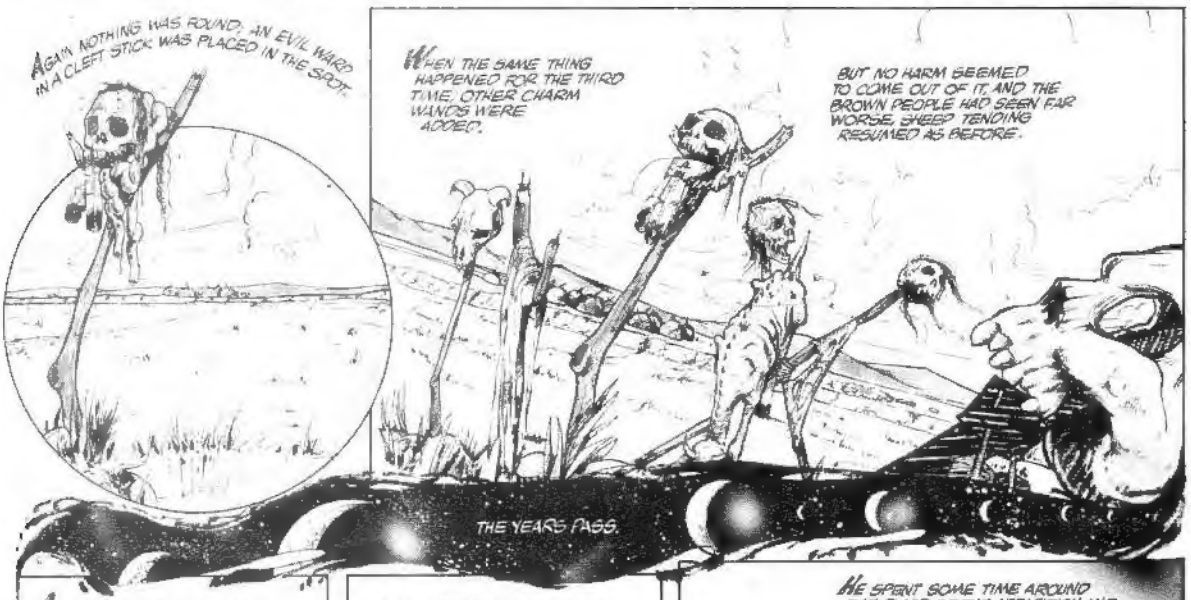
THE FOLLOWING SPRING, THE EPISODE WAS REPEATED.

THIS TIME AN OLDER GIRL WAS PRESENT AND SHE COULD ADD ONLY THAT THE MONSTER SEEMED TO BE RUSHING FLAT OUT ALONG THE GROUND.

AGAIN NOTHING WAS FOUND. AN EVIL WARD IN A CLEFT STICK WAS PLACED IN THE SPOT.

WHEN THE SAME THING HAPPENED FOR THE THIRD TIME, OTHER CHARM WANDS WERE ADDED.

BUT NO HARM SEEMED TO COME OUT OF IT, AND THE BROWN PEOPLE HAD SEEN FAR WORSE. SHEEP TENDING RESUMED AS BEFORE.

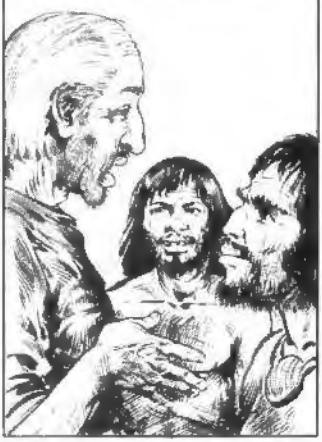


THE YEARS PASS.

AT THE END OF THE THIRD DECADE, A TALL OLD MAN LIMPED DOWN THE HILLS FROM THE SOUTH.

HE CAMPED AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE CRATER AND SOON FOUND THE MONSTER SITE.

HE ATTEMPTED TO QUESTION SOME PEOPLE ABOUT IT, BUT NOBODY UNDERSTOOD HIM.



HE SPENT SOME TIME AROUND THE PLACE OF THE APPARITION AND WAS NEARBY WHEN IT MADE ITS NEXT APPEARANCE.

THIS EXCITED HIM VERY MUCH AND HE MOVED HIS CAMP INTO THE CRATER BY THE TRAIL.

He stayed on for a full year, watching the site, and was close by for the next manifestation.

After this, he spent a few days making a charm stone for the spot

Then he left northward, hobbling as he went

And more decades passed

The crater exploded and a rain gully became an intermittent streamlet. The skies cleared somewhat.

The brown people and their sheep were attacked by a band of grizzled men

After which the survivors went eastward

The winters of what had been Utah were now frost-free, aspen and eucalyptus sprouted in the moist rain.

. Still, the crater remained treeless with its moist centre

Five decades later...

. But these people did not depart. The stone the tall man had placed was noted and left undisturbed.

A herdsman's hut was built by the stream, which in time became the habitation of an olive-skinned, red-haired family

A small, permanent settlement had grown up on the nearest range of hills.

In due course one of this clan again observed the monster-flash ..

HOME

THE HOMESTEAD AT THE CRATER'S EDGE BECAME A GROUP OF THREE AND WAS JOINED BY OTHERS

AT THE CENTER OF THE STILL FAINTLY DISCERNABLE CRATER THE CARTROAD MADE A BEND LEAVING A SMALL GRASSY PLACE WITH A SQUARE METER OF CURIOUSLY BARE EARTH AND A DEEPLY ETCHED SANDSTONE ROCK.

THE APPARITION OF THE MONSTER OCCURRED REGULARLY EACH SPRING IN THIS SPOT

IT WAS REFERRED TO IN A PHRASE THAT COULD BE TRANSLATED AS "THE OLD DRAGON."

THE "OLD DRAGON'S" APPEARANCE WAS ALWAYS THE SAME; A BRIEF, VIOLENT THUNDER BURST WHICH CUT OFF ABRUPTLY.

AFTERWARDS THERE WAS A BAD SMELL AND THE EARTH SMOKED.

EARLY IN THE SECOND CENTURY TWO YOUNG MEN RODE INTO TOWN FROM THE NORTH INCLUDED IN THE EQUIPMENT THEY CARRIED WERE TWO BOXLIKE OBJECTS WHICH THEY SET UP AT THE MONSTER SITE.

THEY STAYED ON A FULL YEAR, OBSERVING TWO MATERIALIZATIONS OF THE OLD DRAGON.

THEN, THEY DEPARTED AFTER UNSUCCESSFULLY ATTEMPTING TO PERSUADE A LOCAL BOY TO OPERATE ONE.

IN THE COURSE OF THE NEXT FEW DECADES OTHER TRAVELLERS STOPPED BY AND MARVELLED AT THE MONSTER

BUT THE RAIDERS LEFT A SPOTTING SICKNESS WHICH KILLED MANY.

THROUGH ALL THIS, THE BARE SPOT IN THE CRATER'S CENTRE REMAINED AND THE MONSTER MADE HIS REGULAR APPEARANCES, ~OBSERVED OR NOT.

THE CRATER HAMLET FLOURISHED AND GREW INTO THE FIELDS WHERE THE CATTLE HAD GRAZED. PART OF THE OLD CRATER BECAME THE TOWN PARK, AND THE SMALL BARE AREA IN THE CRATER HAD BEEN FENCED OFF.

THE TOWNS PEOPLE RENTED ROOMS FOR THE APPEARANCE AND MANY MORE-OR-LESS AUTHENTIC MONSTER RELICS WERE ON DISPLAY IN THE LOCAL TAVERNS

A SMALL TOURIST INDUSTRY BASED ON THE MONSTER-SITE DEVELOPED AND ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS PARTIES CAME FROM THE DISTANT NORTHWEST AUTHORITY TO OBSERVE IT

SEVERAL CULTS NOW GREW UP AROUND THE MONSTER. ONE PERSISTENT BELIEF HELD THAT IT WAS A DEVIL, OR DAMNED SOUL, FORCED TO REAPPEAR ON EARTH IN TORMENT TO EXPIATE THE CATASTROPHE OF THREE CENTURIES BACK.

SATA

OTHERS BELIEVED IT OR HE WAS SOME KIND OF MESSENGER, WHOSE ROAR PORTENDED EITHER DOOM OR HOPE, DEPENDING ON THE BELIEVER.

IN EVERY GENERATION, AT LEAST ONE SMALL BOY WOULD TRY TO HIT THE MONSTER WITH A STICK.

USUALLY ACQUIRING A BROKEN ARM AND A LIFE-LONG TAVERN TALE

PELTING THE MONSTER WITH STONES OR OTHER OBJECTS WAS A POPULAR SPORT. FOR SOME YEARS, PEOPLE SYSTEMATICALLY KILLING FLOWERS AND PLANTS...

ONCE A PARTY TRIED TO NET IT...

...AND WAS LEFT WITH A STRING AND VAPOR

THROUGH ALL THIS, THE MONSTER MADE HIS VIOLENTLY ENIGMATIC ANNUAL APPEARANCE, UNRAVELLED FURIOUSLY AND MOTIONLESS...

ROARING!

ONLY AS THE FOURTH CENTURY OF THE NEW ERA WENT BY WAS IT APPARENT THAT THE MONSTER HAD CHANGED SLIGHTLY

HE HAD AN ARM AND A LEG THRUST UPWARD IN A KICKING OR RAISING GESTURE

AS THE YEARS PASSED, HE BEGAN TO CHANGE MORE QUICKLY UNTIL AT THE END HE HAD RISEN TO A CONTORTED, CROUCHING POSE

THE ROAR WAS SOMEWHAT DIFFERENTLY PITCHED AND THE EARTH AFTER HIM SHOOK MORE AND MORE

IT WAS THEN WIDELY FELT THAT THE MAN MONSTER WAS ABOUT TO DO SOMETHING TO MAKE SOME DEFINITIVE MANIFESTATION.

SEVERAL RELIGIOUS LEADERS JOURNEYED TO THE TOWN TO OBSERVE THE APPARITION

HOWEVER THE DECADES PASSED AND THE MAN-MONSTER DID NOTHING MORE THAN TURN SLOWLY IN PLACE.

NOW HE APPEARED TO BEGIN THE ALMOST **SLIDING** OR **STAGGERING** WHILE PUSHING HIMSELF BACK WARD IN A GESTURE BLOWN BEFORE A **GALE**.

EARLY IN THE FIFTH CENTURY NEW CALENDAR THREE SURVEY PARTIES FROM THE NORTH CENTRAL AUTHORITY CAME THROUGH THE AREA AND STOPPED TO OBSERVE THE MONSTER

AT THIS TIME NEARLY EVERYONE BELIEVED THAT THE APPARITION WAS A MAN OR THE GHOST OF ONE

NOWHERE COULD BE FELT AND PRESENTLY THE GENERAL CALM WAS **QUIETED** AND **NOTHING** CAME OF IT AT ALL!

A PERMANENT DEVICE WAS SET UP AT THE SITE AFTER ASSURANCES TO THE TOWNSFOLK THAT NO HARD SCIENCE WAS INVOLVED

THE RECORD MACHINE BOY AND A FEW OTHERS INCLUDING THE SCHOOL MECHANICS TEACHER REFER TO HIM AS—

THE MAN JOHN!

ONE MAY MORNING AT THE END OF CENTURY FIVE, A YOUNG COUPLE IN A SMART, GREEN MULE-TRAP CAME JOGGING UP THE HIGHROAD FROM THE SANDREAS RIFT RANGE TO THE SOUTHEAST.

THE GIRL CHATTED WITH HER HUSBAND IN A LANGUAGE UNLIKE THAT EVER HEARD BY THE MAN JOHN EITHER AT THE END OR THE BEGINNING OF HIS LIFE.

...WHAT SHE SAID TO HIM HAS, HOWEVER, BEEN HEARD IN EVERY AGE AND TONGUE.

OH, SERLI! I'M SO GLAD WE'RE TAKING THIS TRIP NOW! NEXT SUMMER I'LL BE SO BUSY WITH BABY!

TO WHICH SERLI REPLIED AS YOUNG HUSBANDS OFTEN HAVE...

...AND SO THEY TROTTED TO THE TOWN'S INN.

HERE THEY LEFT TRAP AND BASS AND WENT TO SEARCH FOR HER UNCLE WHO WAS EXPECTING THEM

THE MORROW WAS THE DAY OF THE MAN JOHN'S ANNUAL APPEARANCE AND HER UNCLE LABAN HAD COME FROM THE MacKENZIE HISTORY MUSEUM TO OBSERVE IT.

THEY FOUND HIM WITH THE SCHOOL MECHANICS TEACHER WHO WAS ALSO THE RECORDER AT THE MONSTER SITE

GIFT

PRESENTLY, UNCLE LABAN TOOK THEM ALL WITH HIM OVER TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE TO MEET WITH VARIOUS RELIGIOUS PERSONAGES.

THE MAYOR TOOK UNCLE LABAN'S PART IN SECURING THE CULTIST'S GRUDGING ASSENT TO THE MacKENZIE AUTHORITIES SECULAR INTERPRETATION OF THE MONSTER.

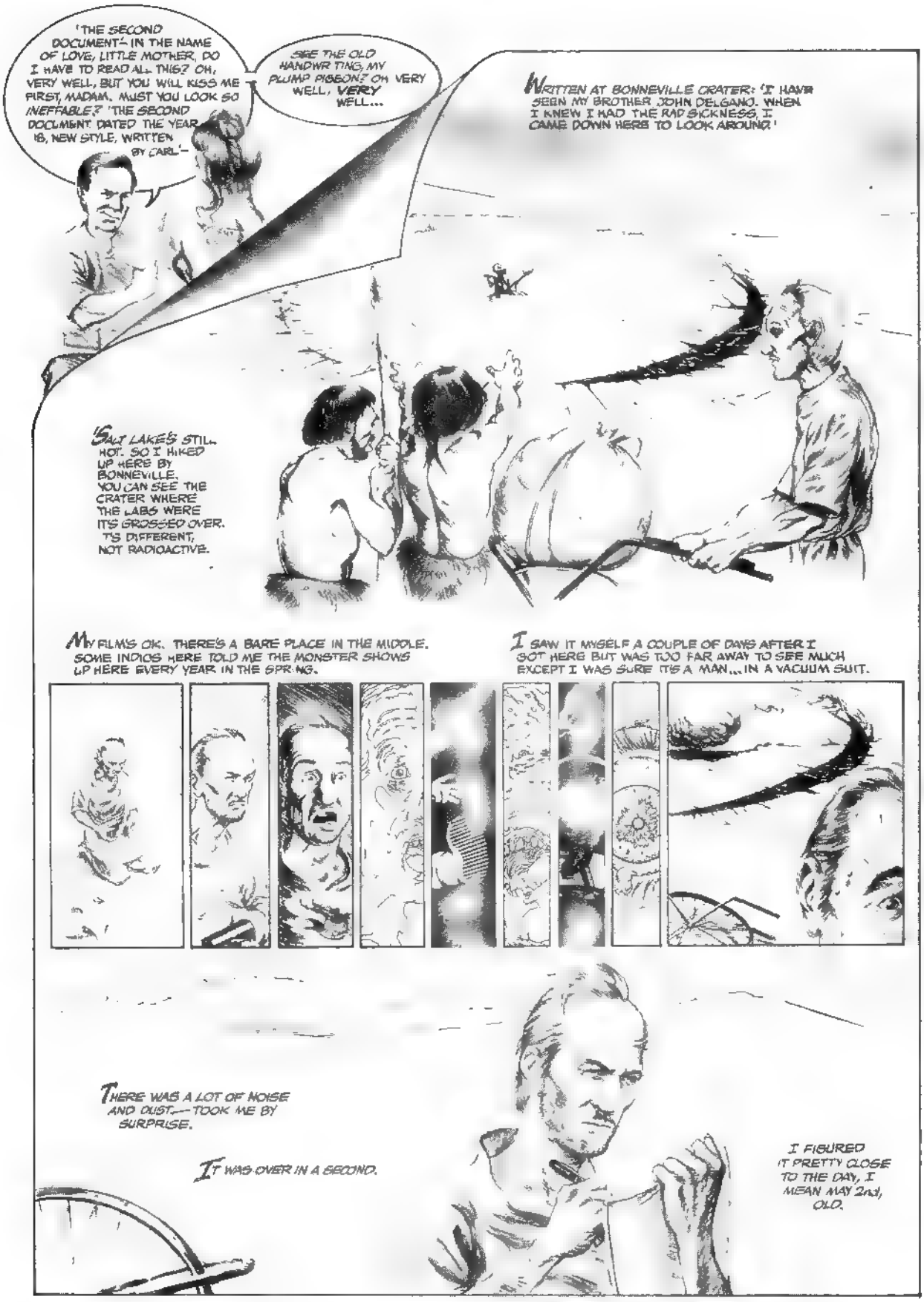
THEN SEEING HOW PRETTY THE NIECE WAS, HE TOOK THEM ALL HOME TO DINNER.

WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE INN FOR THE NIGHT, IT WAS ABRAWL WITH HOLIDAY MAKERS.

WHEW! I'VE TALKED MYSELF DRY, SISTERS DAUGHTER. SERLI MY LAD, I KNOW YOU HAVE QUESTIONS. LET ME HAND YOU THIS TO READ. IT'S THE GUIDE BOOK WE'RE GIVING 'EM TO SELL. TOMORROW I'LL ANSWER FOR IT ALL.

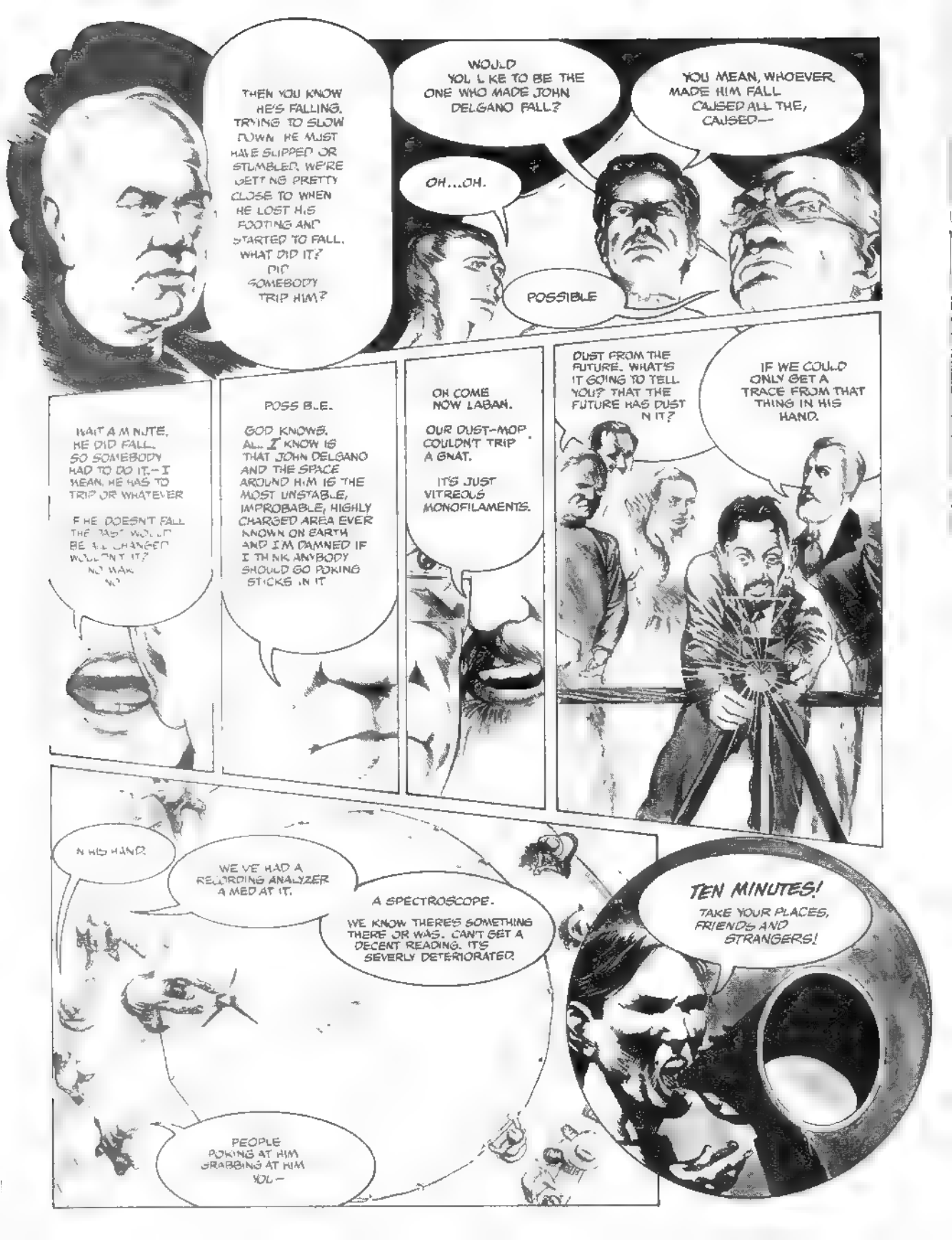
AND HE DISAPPEARED INTO THE CROWDED TAVERN.

ALL THAT IS KNOWN OF JOHN DELGANO COMES FROM TWO DOCUMENTS LEFT BY HIS BROTHER CARL DELGANO IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE MACKENZIE GROUP IN THE EARLY YEARS AFTER THE HOLOCAUST
PUT SOME HONEY ON THIS CAKE, HONEY.
VERBATIM TRANSCRIPT FOLLOWS, THIS IS CARL DELGANO SPEAKING
I'M NOT AN ENGINEER OR AN ASTRONAUT LIKE JOHN, I RAN AN ELECTRONICS REPAIR SHOP IN SALT LAKE CITY. JOHN WAS ONLY TRAINED AS A SPACEMAN, HE NEVER GOT TO SPACE, THE SLUMP WIPED ALL THAT OUT. SO HE TIED UP WITH THIS COMMERCIAL GROUP WHO WERE LEASING PART OF BONNEVILLE, BUT WE ALL GOT TOGETHER SEVERAL TIMES A YEAR, OUR WIVES WERE LIKE SISTERS. JOHN HAD TWO KIDS, CLARA AND PAUL.
THE TESTS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE SECRET BUT JOHN TOLD ME CONFIDENTIALLY THAT THEY WERE TRYING FOR AN ANTI-GRAVITY CHAMBER.
I DON'T KNOW IF IT EVER WORKED.
THAT WAS THE YEAR BEFORE.
SHE PICTURED HIM LIKE YOU KNOW H. G. WELLS WALKING AROUND IN SOME FUTURE WORLD.
JOHN TOLD HER IT WASN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL. ALL THEY'D GET WOULD BE THIS KIND OF FLICKER LIKE A SECOND OR TWO. ALL KINDS OF COMPLICATIONS.
NOT THAT IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE. OF COURSE EVERYTHING WAS WIPED OUT. SALT LAKE, TOO. THE ONLY REASON I'M HERE IS THAT I WENT UP BY CALGARY TO SEE MOM. APRIL 29th. MAY 2nd IT ALL BLEW. I DIDN'T FIND YOU FOLKS AT MACKENZIE UNTIL JULY. I GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL STAY. THAT'S ALL I KNOW ABOUT JOHN, EXCEPT THAT HE WAS AN ALL RIGHT GUY. IF THAT ACCIDENT STARTED ALL THIS, IT WASN'T HIS FAULT


'THE SECOND DOCUMENT'- IN THE NAME OF LOVE, LITTLE MOTHER, DO I HAVE TO READ ALL THIS? OH, VERY WELL, BUT YOU WILL KISS ME FIRST, MADAM. MUST YOU LOOK SO INEFFABLE? 'THE SECOND DOCUMENT DATED THE YEAR 18, NEW STYLE, WRITTEN BY CARL'-
SEE THE OLD HANDWR TING, MY PLUMP PIGEON? OH VERY WELL, VERY WELL...
WRITTEN AT BONNEVILLE CRATER: 'I HAVE SEEN MY BROTHER JOHN DELGADO. WHEN I KNEW I HAD THE RAD SICKNESS, I CAME DOWN HERE TO LOOK AROUND.'
SALT LAKE'S STILL HOT. SO I HIKED UP HERE BY BONNEVILLE. YOU CAN SEE THE CRATER WHERE THE LABS WERE IT'S GROSSED OVER. TS DIFFERENT, NOT RADIOACTIVE.
MY FILMS OK. THERE'S A BARE PLACE IN THE MIDDLE. SOME INDIOS HERE TOLD ME THE MONSTER SHOWS UP HERE EVERY YEAR IN THE SPRING.
I SAW IT MYSELF A COUPLE OF DAYS AFTER I GOT HERE BUT WAS TOO FAR AWAY TO SEE MUCH EXCEPT I WAS SURE ITS A MAN... IN A VACUUM SUIT.
THERE WAS A LOT OF NOISE AND DUST— TOOK ME BY SURPRISE.
IT WAS OVER IN A SECOND.
I FIGURED IT PRETTY CLOSE TO THE DAY, I MEAN MAY 2nd, OLD.

SO I HUNG AROUND A YEAR AND HE SHOWED UP AGAIN YESTERDAY ..
I WAS ON THE FACE SIDE AND I COULD SEE HIS FACE THROUGH THE FACEPLATE. IT'S JOHN, ALL RIGHT. HE'S HURT. I SAW BLOOD ON HIS MOUTH AND HIS SUIT IS FRAYED SOME
HIS EYES ARE OPEN LIKE HE WAS LOOKING. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT ANYWAY, BUT I KNOW IT'S JOHN, NOT A GHOST.
HE WAS IN EXACTLY THE SAME POSITION EACH TIME AND THERE'S A LOUD CRACK LIKE THUNDER AND ANOTHER SOUND - LIKE A SIREN VERY FAST - AND AN OZONE SMELL AND SMOKE I FELT A KIND OF SHUDDER.
.. ARCHIVES, ANALYSTS, ET CETERA - VERY GOOD! NOW IT IS TIME TO MEET YOUR UNCLE, MY EDIBLE ONE, AFTER WE GO UPSTAIRS FOR JUST A MOMENT.
THESE RECORDS WERE KEPT BY THE MACKENZIE GROUP BUT IT WAS NOT FOR SEVERAL YEARS - ET CETERA
NO, GERL - I WILL WAIT FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS.

WHEN THEY CAN'T INTO THE TOWN PARK, UNCLE LABAN WAS DIRECTING THE INSTALLATION OF A LARGE DURITE SLAB IN FRONT OF THE ENCLOSURE AROUND THE MAN JOHN'S APPEARANCE SPOT
THE SLAB WAS WRAPPED IN A CURTAIN TO AWAIT THE OFFICIAL UNVEILING. A RIDE-FOR-GOD CHOIR WAS SINGING IN THE BANDSHELL.
THE MORNING WAS WARMING UP FAST.
STEP RIGHT UP AND GET YOUR MAN JOHN TOY!
ICE! GOOD LUCK CONFETTI.
ANOTHER RELIGIOUS GROUP STOOD BY IN DARK ROBES — THEY BELONGED TO THE REPENTANCE CHURCH BEYOND THE PARK.
THEIR PASTOR WAS DIRECTING SOMBER GLARES AT THE CROWD IN GENERAL AND MIRA'S UNCLE IN PARTICULAR
THREE OFFICIAL-LOOKING STRANGERS WHO HAD BEEN AT THE INN CAME UP AND INTRODUCED THEMSELVES TO UNCLE LABAN.
HOW DO YOU DO. WE'RE OBSERVERS FROM ALBERTA GENERAL.
THEY WENT ON INTO THE TENT CARRYING SEVERAL PIECES OF EQUIPMENT WHICH THE TOWNSFOLK EYED WITH SUSPICIONS.
WELL SHALL WE GO IN?
ONE OF THE OFFICIALS LEANED OVER TO SET UP A TRIPOD STAND INSIDE THE RAILS. HE ADJUSTED IT AND A HUGE HORSE-TAIL OF FINE-FEATHERED FILAMENTS BLOSSOMED OUT AND EDDIED THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE SPACE.
OH, NO.
OH NO! WHY CAN'T THEY LET IT BE?
THEY'RE TRYING TO PICK UP DUST FROM HIS SUIT IS THAT RIGHT?
YES. INSANE! DID YOU GET TIME TO READ?
SORT OF


THEN YOU KNOW HE'S FALLING. TRYING TO SLOW DOWN. HE MUST HAVE SLIPPED OR STUMBLED. WE'RE GETTING PRETTY CLOSE TO WHEN HE LOST HIS FOOTING AND STARTED TO FALL. WHAT DID IT? DID SOMEBODY TRIP HIM?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE THE ONE WHO MADE JOHN DELGANO FALL?
YOU MEAN, WHOEVER MADE HIM FALL CAUSED ALL THE, CAUSED—
OH...OH.
POSSIBLE
WAIT A MINUTE. HE DID FALL. SO SOMEBODY HAD TO DO IT.—I MEAN, HE HAS TO TRIP OR WHATEVER
IF HE DOESN'T FALL THE PAST WOULD BE ALL CHANGED WOULDN'T IT? NO WAY. NO
POSS B..E.
GOD KNOWS. ALL I KNOW IS THAT JOHN DELGANO AND THE SPACE AROUND HIM IS THE MOST UNSTABLE, IMPROBABLE, HIGHLY CHARGED AREA EVER KNOWN ON EARTH AND I'M DAMNED IF I THINK ANYBODY SHOULD GO POKING STICKS IN IT
OH COME NOW LABAN.
OUR DUST-MOP COULDN'T TRIP A GNAT.
IT'S JUST VITREOUS MONOFILAMENTS.
DUST FROM THE FUTURE. WHAT'S IT GOING TO TELL YOU? THAT THE FUTURE HAS DUST IN IT?
IF WE COULD ONLY GET A TRACE FROM THAT THING IN HIS HAND.
IN HIS HAND.
WE'VE HAD A RECORDING ANALYZER AIMED AT IT.
A SPECTROSCOPE.
WE KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING THERE OR WAS. CAN'T GET A DECENT READING. IT'S SEVERLY DETERIORATED.
PEOPLE POKING AT HIM GRABBING AT HIM YOU—
TEN MINUTES!
TAKE YOUR PLACES, FRIENDS AND STRANGERS!

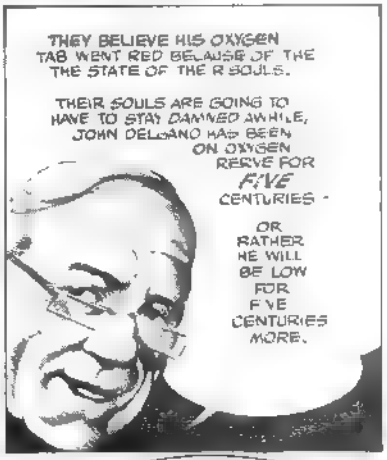
THE REPENTANCE PEOPLE WERE FILING IN AT ONE SIDE, INTONING AN ANCIENT INCANTATION.
"MI-SERE-RE, PEC-CAVI"
THE ATMOSPHERE SUDDENLY BECAME TENSE. IT WAS NOW VERY CLOSE IN THE TENT.

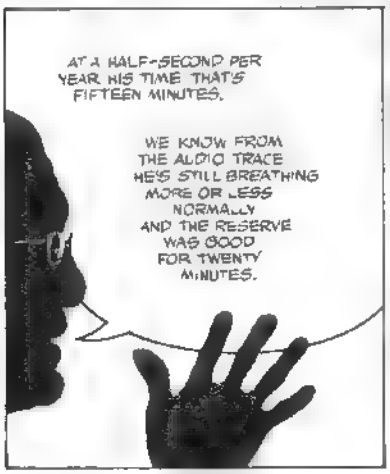
A BOY FROM THE MAYOR'S OFFICE BECKONED LABAN'S PARTY TO COME AND SIT IN THE GUEST CHOIRS ON THE SECOND LEVEL ON THE "FACE" SIDE. IN FRONT OF THEM AT THE RAIL ONE OF THE REPENTANCE MINISTERS WAS ARGUING WITH AN ALBERTAN OFFICIAL OVER HIS RIGHT TO OCCUPY SPACE TAKEN BY A RECORDER, IT BEING HIS SPECIAL DUTY TO LOOK INTO THE MAN JOHN'S EYES.

CAN HE REALLY SEE US?
BLINK YOUR EYES. A NEW SCENE EVERY BLINK, THAT'S WHAT HE SEES.
PHANTASMAGORIA
BLINK BLINK-BLINK FOR GOD KNOWS HOW LONG

MI-SERE-RE, PEC-CAVI.

MAY THE RED OF SIN MA-AA-ASS FROM US.

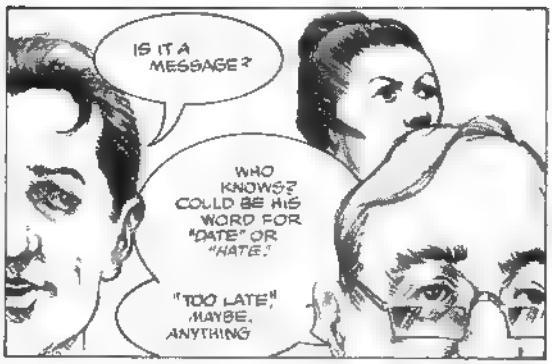

THEY BELIEVE HIS OXYGEN TAB WENT RED BECAUSE OF THE THE STATE OF THE R SOULS.
THEIR SOULS ARE GOING TO HAVE TO STAY DAMNED AWHILE, JOHN DELOANO HAS BEEN ON OXYGEN RESERVE FOR FIVE CENTURIES -
OR RATHER HE WILL BE LOW FOR FIVE CENTURIES MORE.


AT A HALF-SECOND PER YEAR HIS TIME THAT'S FIFTEEN MINUTES.
WE KNOW FROM THE AUDIO TRACE HE'S STILL BREATHING MORE OR LESS NORMALLY AND THE RESERVE WAS GOOD FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

THEY SHOULD HAVE THEIR SALVATION ABOUT THE YEAR SEVEN HUNDRED. IF THEY LAST THAT LONG.

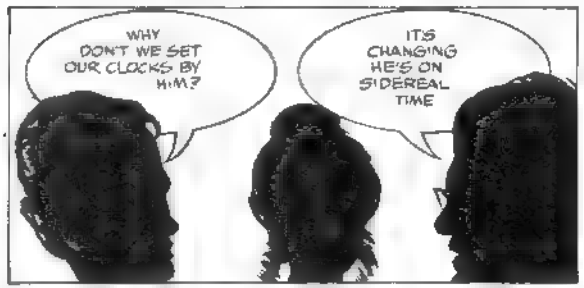
FIVE MINUTES.
TAKE YOUR SEATS, FOLKS. PLEASE SIT DOWN SO EVERYONE CAN SEE.

IT SAYS WE'LL HEAR HIS VOICE THROUGH HIS BUIT SPEAKER
DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S SAY NG?
YOU GET MOSTLY A TWENTY-CYCLE HOWL. THE RECORDERS HAVE SPLICED UP SOMETHING L KE AYT"...
...PART OF AN OLD WORD TAKE CENTUR ES TO GET ENOUGH TO TRANSLATE.



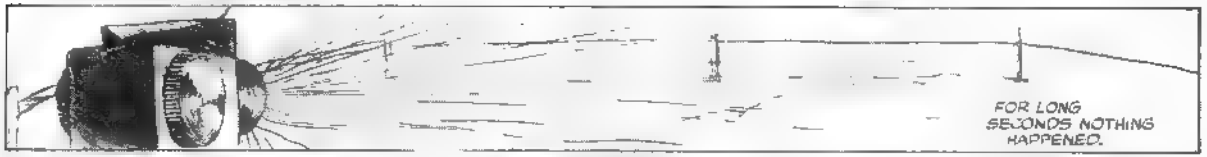
THE TENT WAS QUIETING. A FAT CHILD BY THE RAILING STARTED TO CRY AND WAS PULLED BACK ONTO A LAP. THERE WAS A SUBDUED MUMBLE OF PRAYING.

THE HOLY JOY FACTION ON THE FAR SIDE RUSTLED THEIR FLOWERS.



IN THE HUSH THE PRAYING VOICES ROSE SLIGHTLY. THE BARE CENTER SPACE LOOKED ABSOLUTELY ORDINARY.

OVER IT, THE RECORDER'S SILVERY FILAMENTS EDDIED GENTLY IN THE BREATH FROM A HUNDRED LUNGS. ANOTHER RECORDER COULD BE HEARD TICKING FAINTLY

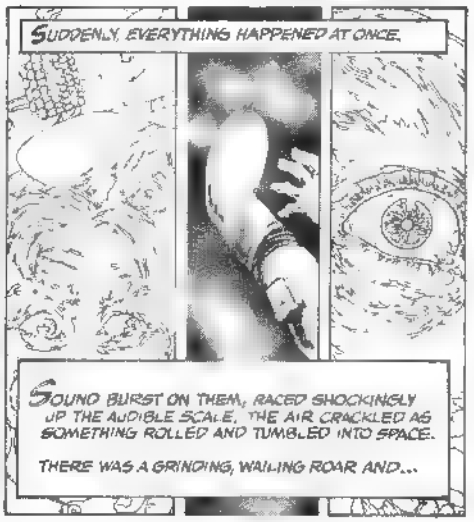


FOR LONG SECONDS NOTHING HAPPENED.

THE AIR DEVELOPED A TINY HUM.

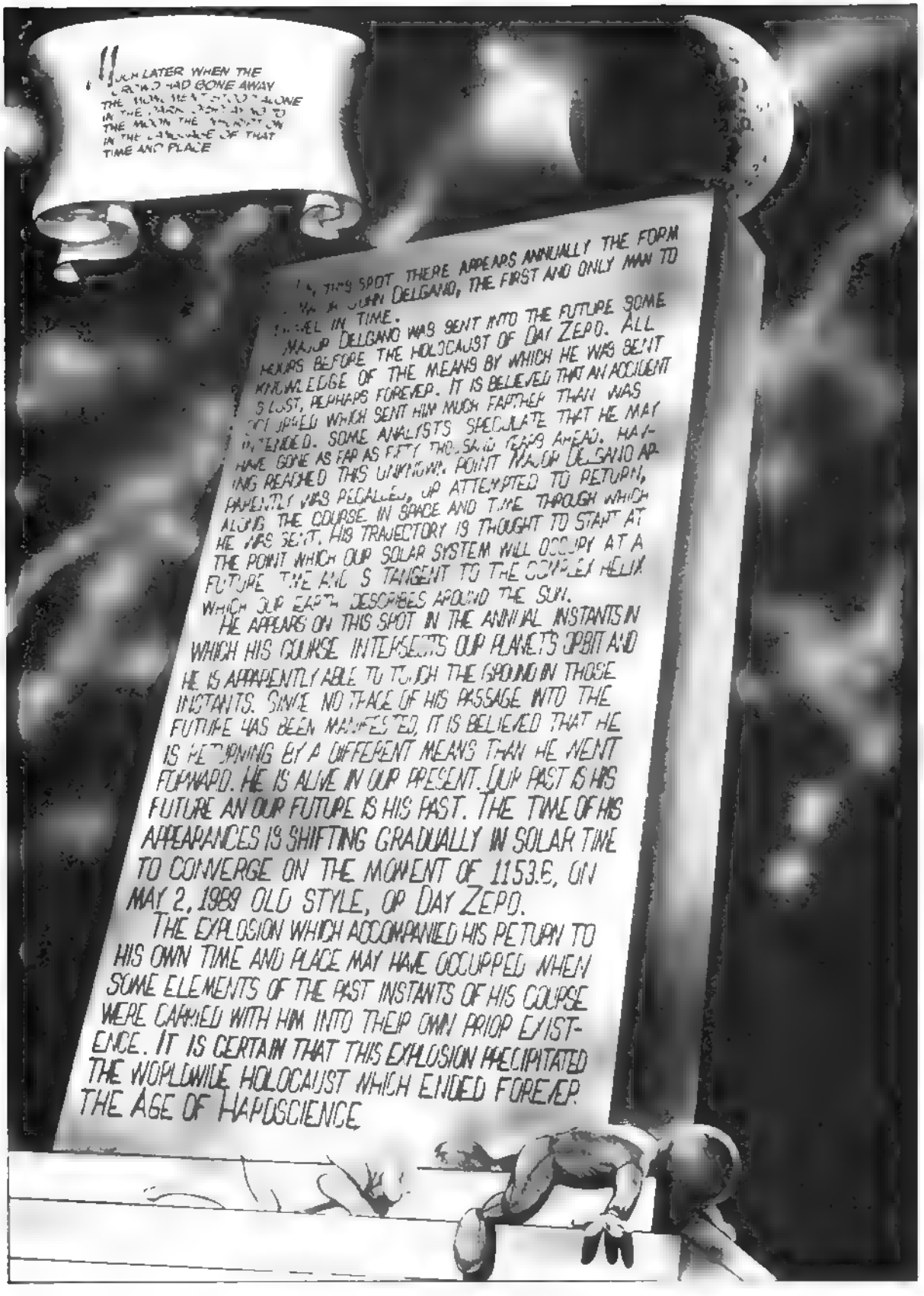
AT THE SAME MOMENT, MIRA CAUGHT A MOVEMENT AT THE RAILING ON THE LEFT.

THE HUM DEVELOPED A BEAT AND VANISHED INTO A PECULIAR SILENCE.


SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING HAPPENED AT ONCE.
SOUND BURST ON THEM, RACED SHOCKINGLY UP THE AUDIBLE SCALE. THE AIR CRACKLED AS SOMETHING ROLLED AND TUMBLED INTO SPACE.
THERE WAS A GRINDING, WAILING ROAR AND...

He was there!
Solid, huge—a huge man in a monster suit. Although he seemed to be in frantic forward motion, nothing moved. Only one of his legs buckled or sagged slightly.
And then he was gone in a thunderclap, leaving only the incredible after image in a hundred pairs of staring eyes.
Air boomed, shuddering, dust rolled out mixed with smoke.
Voices were crying out, choking. Children began to howl.
Oh, my God!
He saw me. He saw me!
Red. Oh Lord have mercy!
Mira heard Laban swearing furiously and looked again into space.
As the dust settled she could see that the recorder's tripod had tipped over into the center. There was a dusty mound against it—flowers.
Some damn fool pitched flowers into it. Come on, let's get out.
Was it under. Did it trip him?
It was still red, his oxygen thing. No mercy this trip eh Laban?
Sh-h-h

They jostled through the enclosure gate and were out in the sunlit park. Voices exclaiming chattering loudly in excitement and relief...
It was terrible. Oh, I never thought it was a real, live man. There he is, he's there. Why can't we help him?
Did we trip him?
I don't know. I don't think so.
They sat down near the new monument, fanning themselves.
Did we change the past?
But it wasn't just those Alberta people. It was the flowers, really.
Mechanics or superstition. Which is the culprit, love or science?
The flowers were love, I guess— I feel so strange. It's hot. Oh, thank you
Uncle Laban had succeeded in attracting the attention of the ice-drink vendor
People were chatting normally now and the crowd struck into a cheerful song. At one end of the park a line of people were waiting to sign their names to the visitor's book.
The mayor appeared at the park gate leading a party up the bougainvillea alley for the unveiling of the monument.
What does it say on that stone by his feet?
It says, "Welcome home, John." His brother Carl carved it for him.
I wonder if he can see it.
The mayor was about to begin his speech.


MUCH LATER WHEN THE EARTH HAD GONE AWAY THE HUMAN RACE STILL ALONE IN THE DARK ROAMED AT NIGHT THE MOON THE SUNLIGHT ON IN THE CHRONICLE OF THAT TIME AND PLACE
IN THIS SPOT THERE APPEARS ANNUALLY THE FORM OF MAJOR JOHN DELGADO, THE FIRST AND ONLY MAN TO TRAVEL IN TIME.
MAJOR DELGADO WAS SENT INTO THE FUTURE SOME HOURS BEFORE THE HOLOCAUST OF DAY ZERO. ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THE MEANS BY WHICH HE WAS SENT IS LOST, PERHAPS FOREVER. IT IS BELIEVED THAT AN ACCIDENT OCCURRED WHICH SENT HIM MUCH FARTHER THAN WAS INTENDED. SOME ANALYSTS SPECULATE THAT HE MAY HAVE GONE AS FAR AS FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS AHEAD. HAVING REACHED THIS UNKNOWN POINT MAJOR DELGADO APPARENTLY WAS RECALLED, OR ATTEMPTED TO RETURN, ALONG THE COURSE IN SPACE AND TIME THROUGH WHICH HE WAS SENT. HIS TRAJECTORY IS THOUGHT TO START AT THE POINT WHICH OUR SOLAR SYSTEM WILL OCCUPY AT A FUTURE TIME AND IS TANGENT TO THE COMPLEX HELIX WHICH OUR EARTH DESCRIBES AROUND THE SUN.
HE APPEARS ON THIS SPOT IN THE ANNUAL INSTANTS IN WHICH HIS COURSE INTERSECTS OUR PLANET'S ORBIT AND HE IS APPARENTLY ABLE TO TOUCH THE GROUND IN THOSE INSTANTS. SINCE NO TRACE OF HIS PASSAGE INTO THE FUTURE HAS BEEN MANIFESTED, IT IS BELIEVED THAT HE IS RETURNING BY A DIFFERENT MEANS THAN HE WENT FORWARD. HE IS ALIVE IN OUR PRESENT. OUR PAST IS HIS FUTURE AND OUR FUTURE IS HIS PAST. THE TIME OF HIS APPEARANCES IS SHIFTING GRADUALLY IN SOLAR TIME TO CONVERGE ON THE MOMENT OF 1153.E, ON MAY 2, 1989 OLD STYLE, OR DAY ZERO.
THE EXPLOSION WHICH ACCOMPANIED HIS RETURN TO HIS OWN TIME AND PLACE MAY HAVE OCCURRED WHEN SOME ELEMENTS OF THE PAST INSTANTS OF HIS COURSE WERE CARRIED WITH HIM INTO THEIR OWN PRIOR EXISTENCE. IT IS CERTAIN THAT THIS EXPLOSION PRECIPITATED THE WORLDWIDE HOLOCAUST WHICH ENDED FOREVER THE AGE OF HAPOSCIENCE

HE WAS FALLING, LOSING CONTROL, FALLING IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST THE TERRIBLE MOMENTUM HE HAD GAINED...
FIGHT NOW WITH HUMAN LEGS SHAKING IN THE INHUMAN STIFFNESS OF HIS ARMOR, HIS SOLES CHARRED, NOT GRIPPING WELL NOW. NOT ENOUGH TRACTION TO BRAKE.
...BATTLING...
THRUSTING AS THE FLASHES CAME. THE PUNISHING ALTERNATION OF LIGHT, DARK LIGHT, DARK WHICH HE HAD BORNE SO LONG.
THE CLAPS OF AIR THICKENING AND THINNING AGAINST HIS SUIT AS HE SKIDDED THROUGH SPACE WHICH WAS TIME, DESPERATELY BRAKING AS THE FLICKERS OF EARTH HAMMERED AGAINST HIS FEET
...ONLY HIS FEET MATTERED NOW, ONLY TO SLOW AND STAY ON COURSE
...AND THE PULL, THE BEACON WAS GETTING SLACKER, AS HE CAME NEAR HOME IT WAS FANNING OUT, HARD TO STAY CENTERED.
WELCOME HOME JOHN

...HE WAS BECOMING, HE SUPPOSED, MORE PROBABLE, THE WOUND HE HAD PUNCHED IN TIME WAS HEALING ITSELF

IN THE BEGINNING IT HAD BEEN SO FRONT—
A SINGLE RAY OF LIGHT IN A CLOGGED
HE HAD HURLED HIMSELF AFTER IT, LIKE AN
ELECTRON FLYING TO THE ANODE. AIMED
SURELY ALONG THAT EXQUISITE SKY
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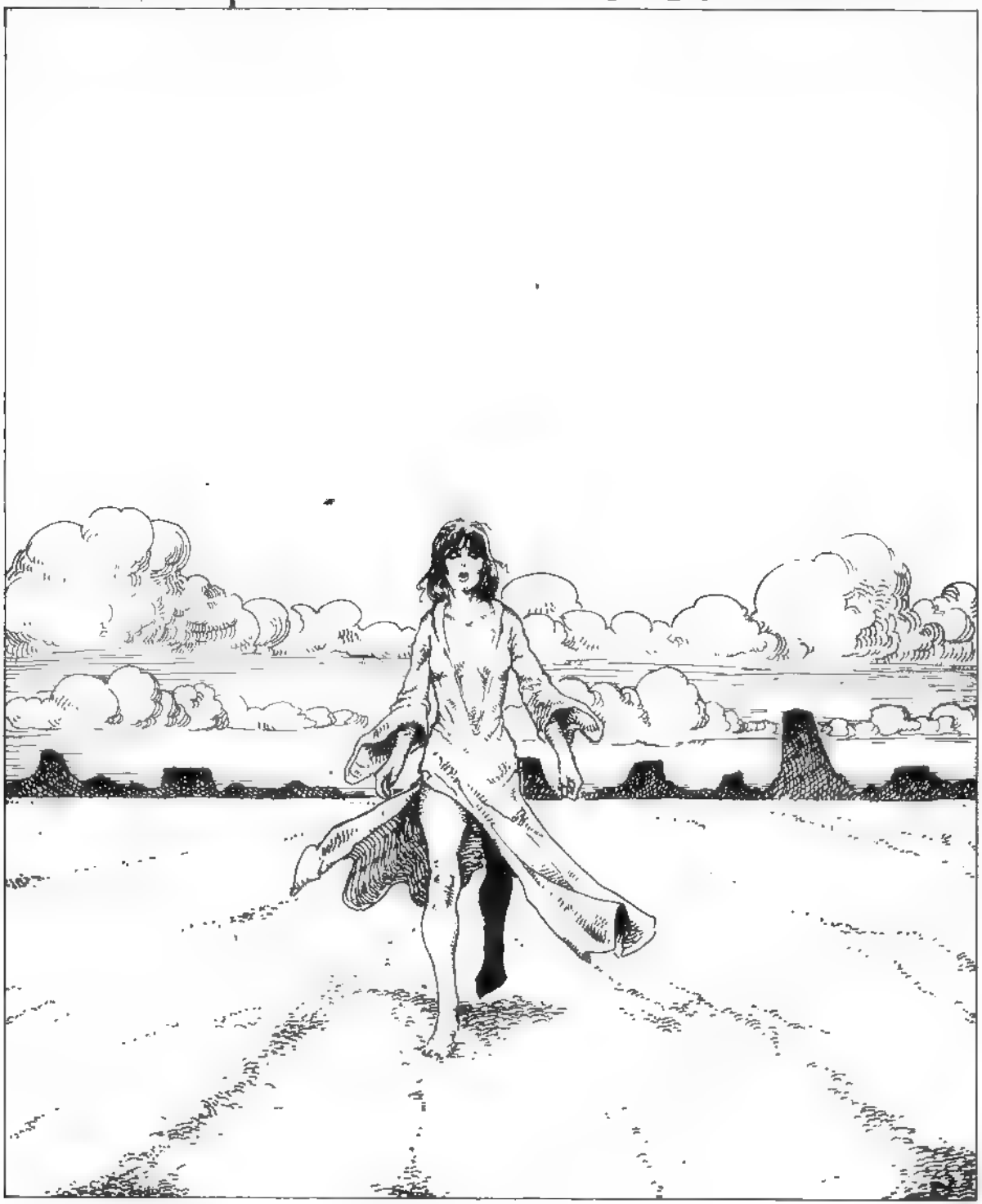
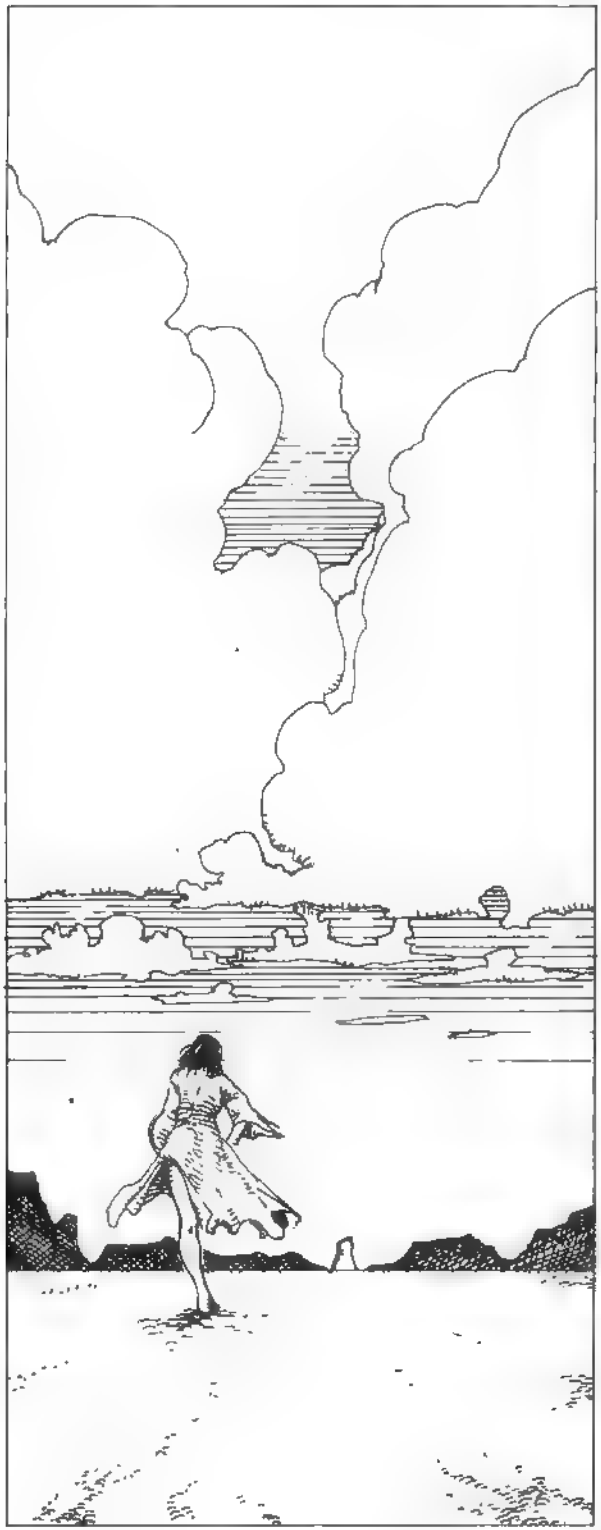
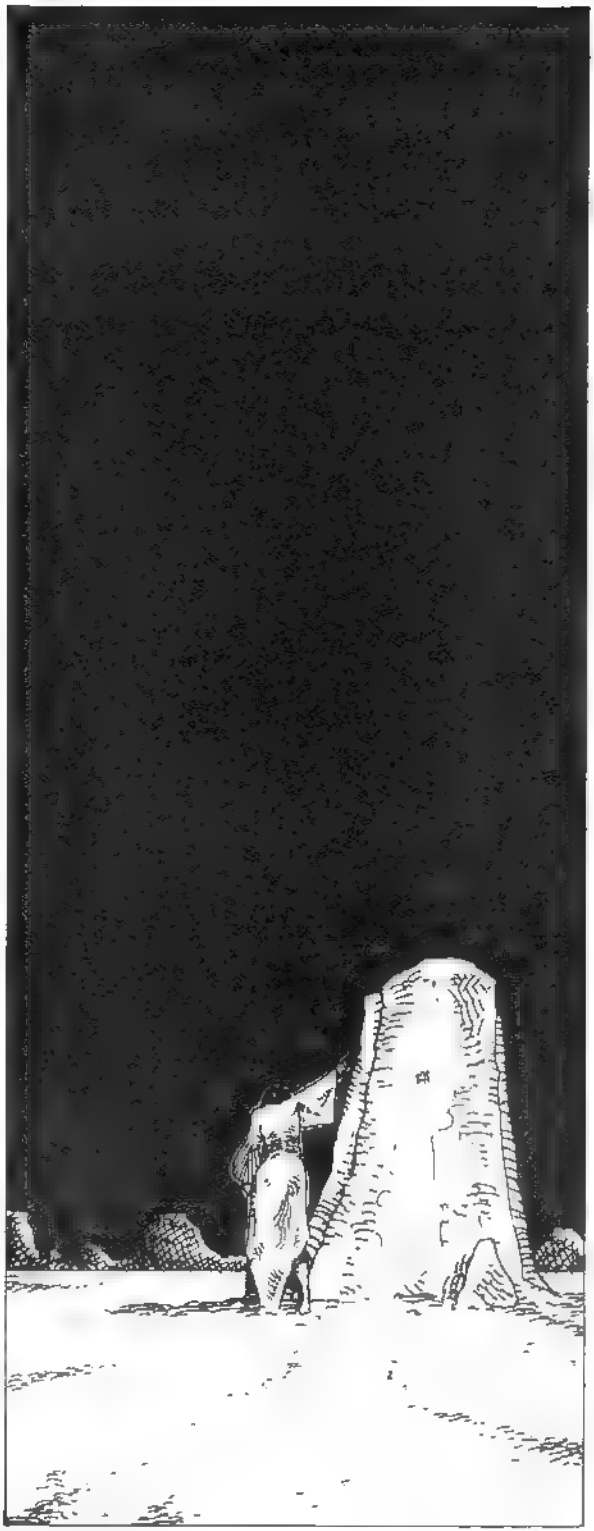
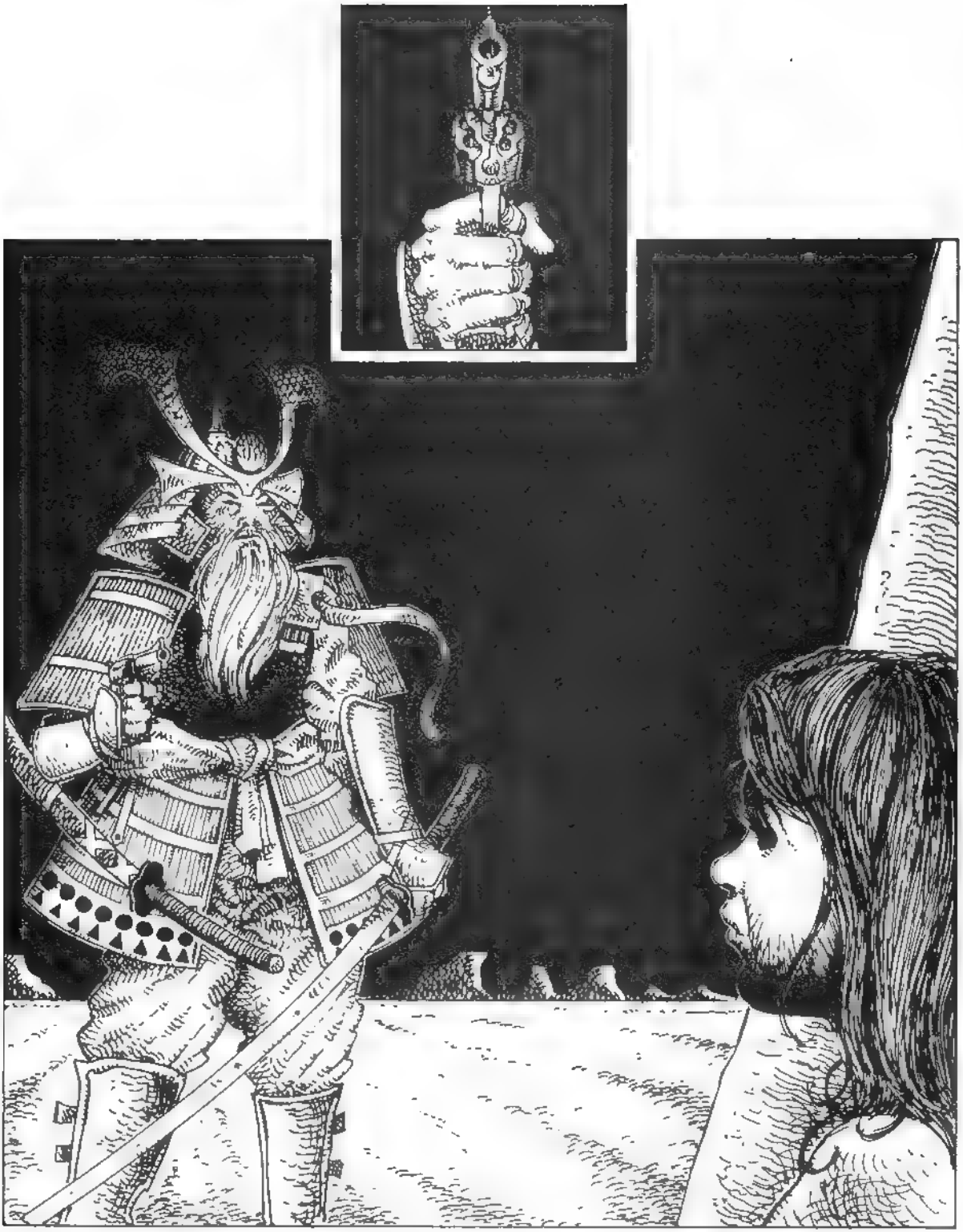
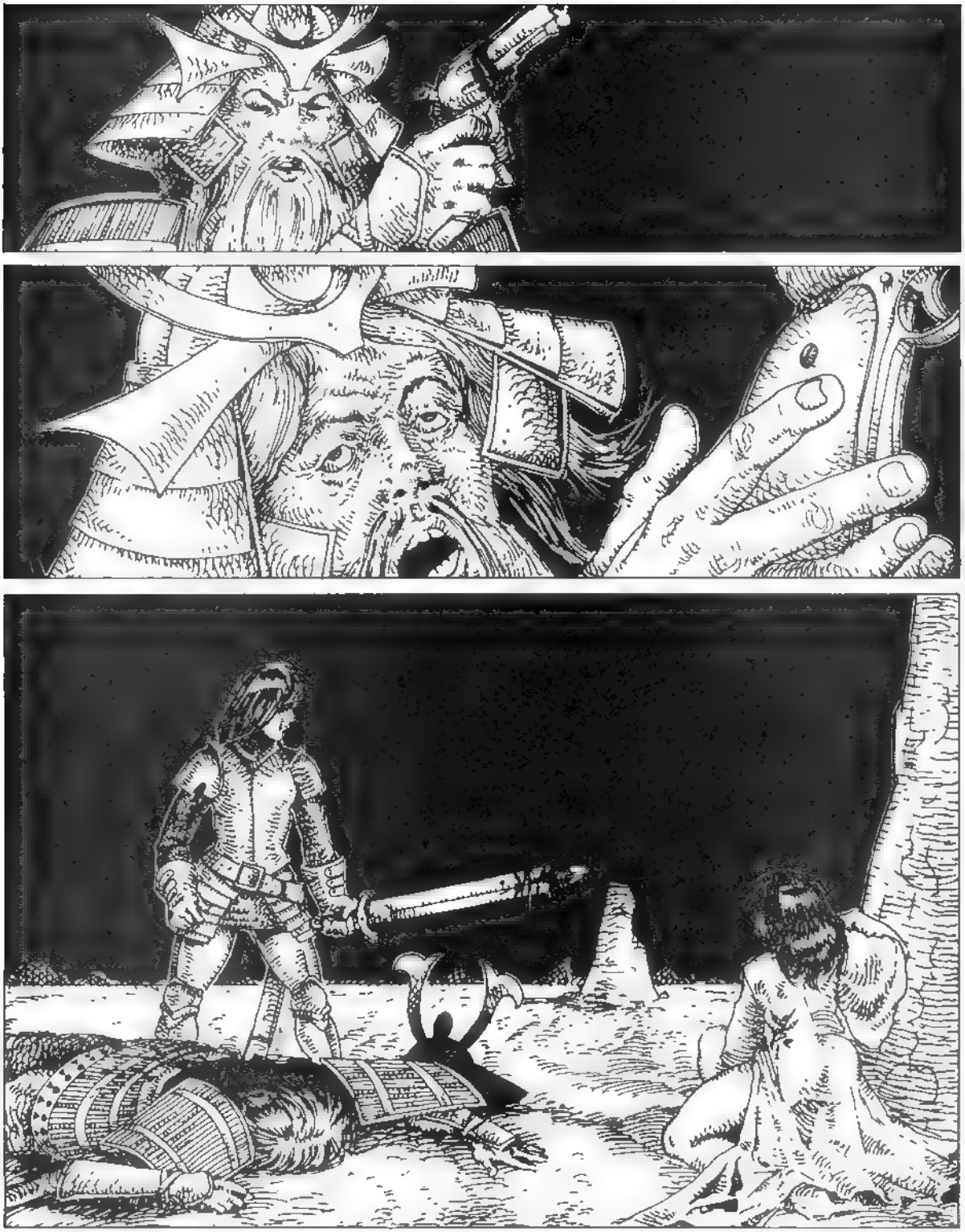
The Escape And Pursuit Of Jeanne d'Arc

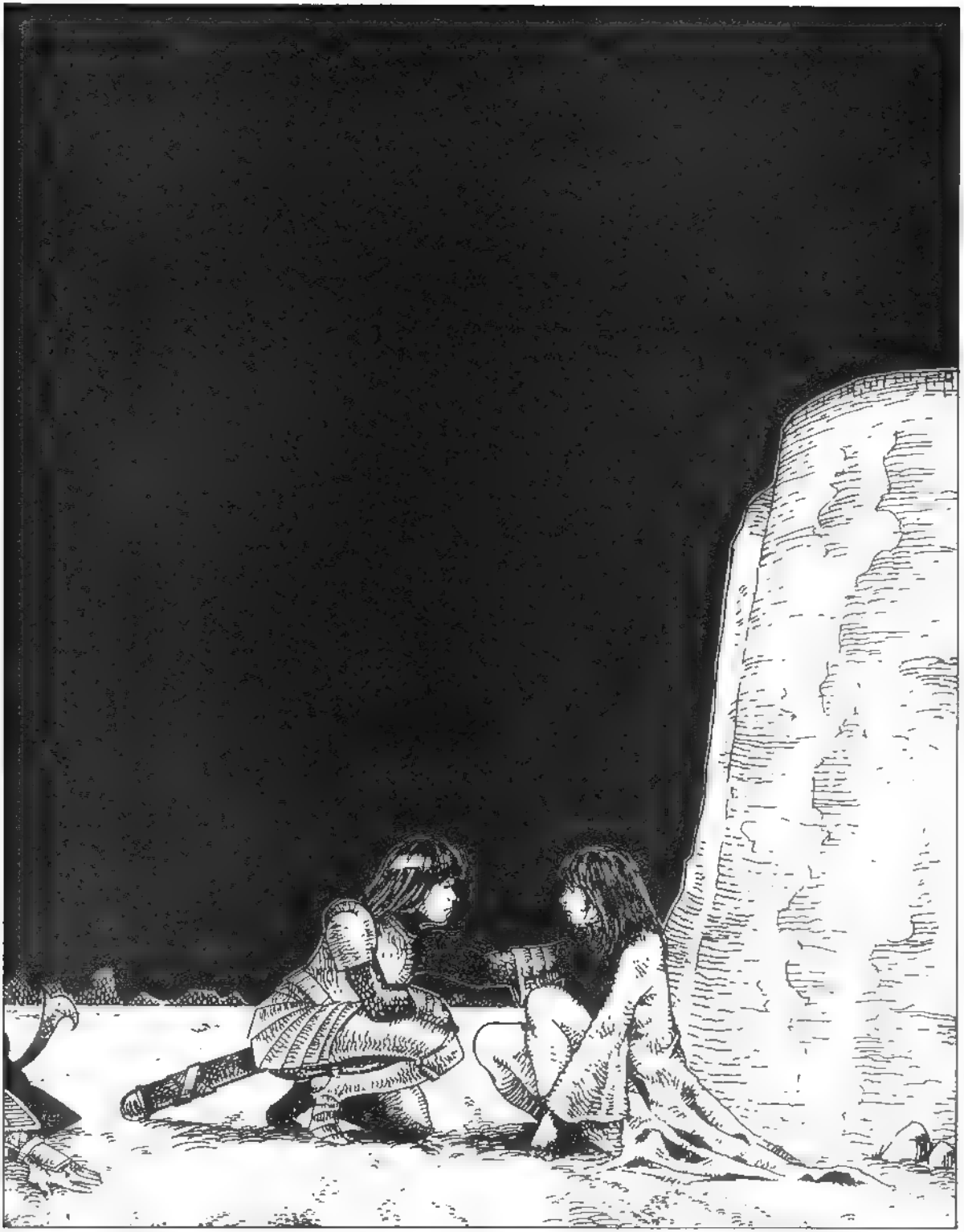












You are safe now, Jeanne. Calm yourself. Open your eyes. Look at me. Do I haunt you? This has all been staged for your benefit. You died so long ago. It must have exhausted the ceremonies of your memory. Don't cower. I would hate to dream of losing thy Lord's valor. Be brave. Remember when you were me. When the voices were served. You're still living on our funeral pyre. Remember when the principles were served, the terms of justice. They have all passed now. Remember, perhaps the voices themselves. The words from the ascending ether. . . . We've sacrificed everything, Jeanne. Everything but your virginity.

We've sacrificed everything, Jeanne. Everything but your virginity.

Is that Lady dead? She looks so much like you. Don't cry. I'm lost. If you take me home I'll be your friend. Would you? I don't think it's very far away.

What?

Oh; this crucifix is from church. I got it in Sunday school. Do you go to church?

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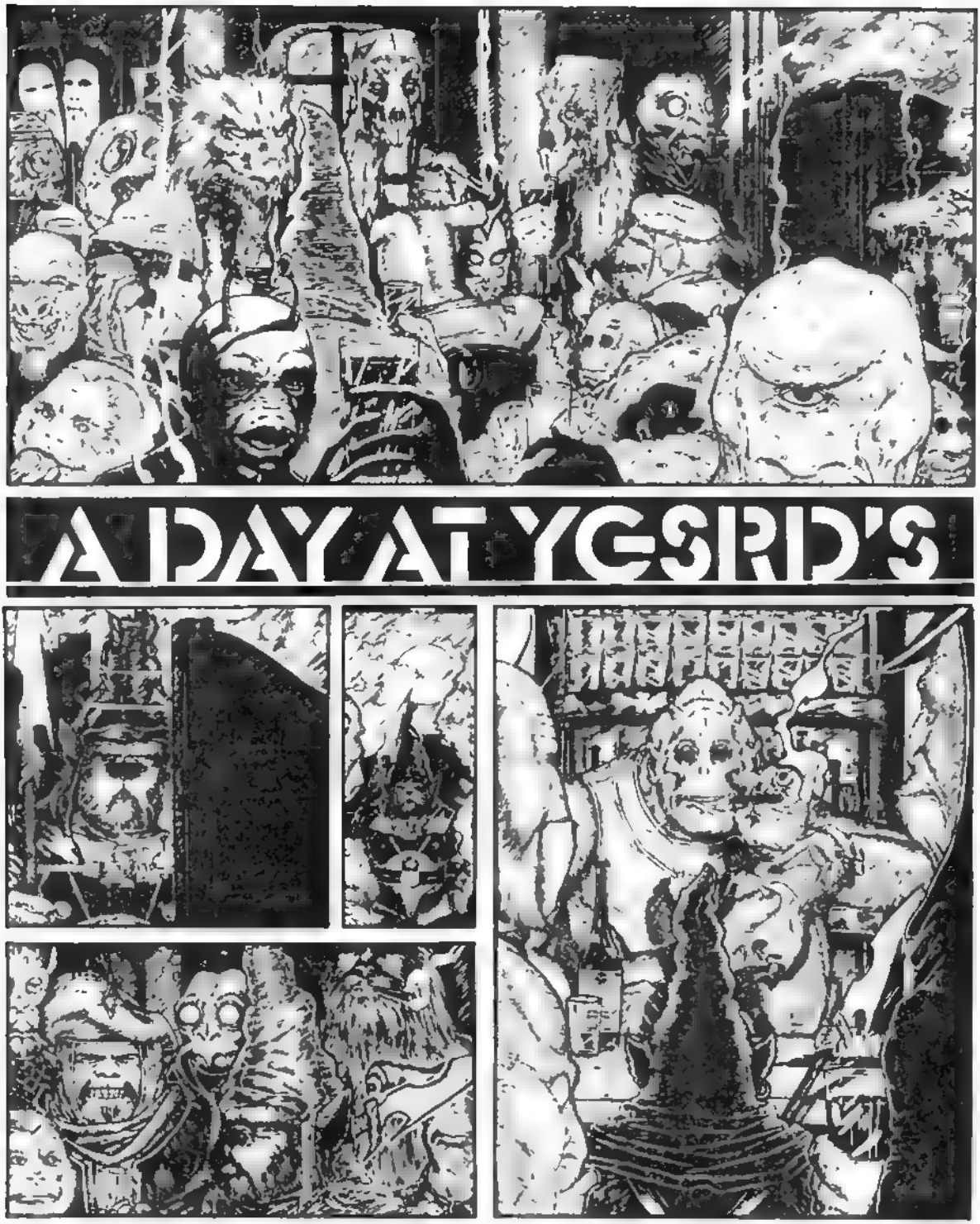
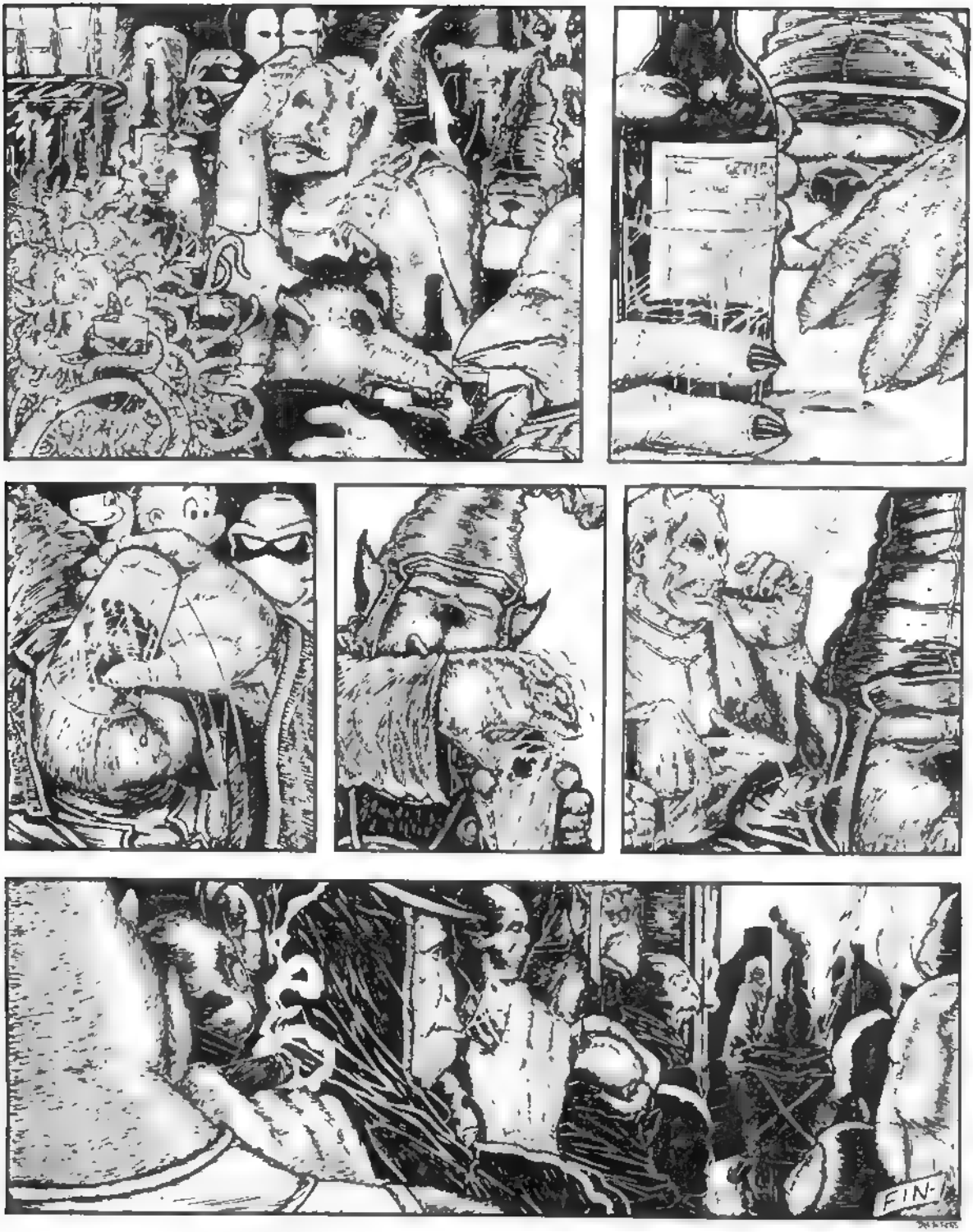

A DAY AT YGGSRD'S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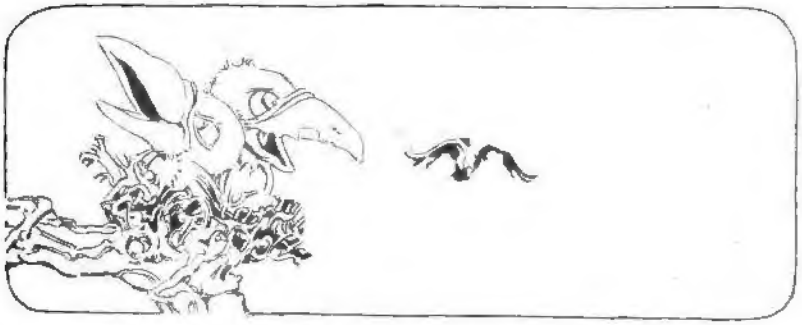

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